Iag. Filth thou lieſt.
Em. By heauen I doe not, I doe not Gentlemen,
O murderous Coxcombe! what ſhould ſuch a foole
Doe with ſo good a woman?
The Moore runnes at Iago. Iago *kils his wife.*
Oth. Are there no ſtones in heauen,
But what ſerues for the thunder? pretious villaine.
Gra. The woman falls, ſure he has kild his wife.
Em. I, I, O lay me by my miſtreſſe ſide. *Exit* Iago.
Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kild.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious villaine, take your weapon,
Which I haue here recouered from the Moore:
Come, guard the dore without, let him not paſſe,
But kill him rather, I'le after that ſame villaine,
For tis a damned ſlaue. *Exit* Mont. *and* Gratiano.
Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But euery puny whipſter gets my ſword,
But why ſhould honour out liue honeſty?
Let it goe all.
Em. Moore, ſhe was chaſt, ſhe lou'd thee crueli Moore,
So come my ſoule to bliſſe, as I ſpeake true;
So ſpeaking as I thinke, I die, I die. *ſhe dies.*
Oth. I haue another weapon in this chamber,
It is a ſword of Spaine, the Iſebrookes temper;
O here it is; Vncle I muſt come forth. Gra. *within.*
Gra. If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee deere,
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.
Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and ſpeake to me,
Or naked as I am, I will aſſault thee.
Gra. What is the matter?
Oth. Behold, I haue a weapon,
A better neuer did it ſelfe ſuſtaine
Vpon a Souldiers thigh: I haue ſeene the day,
That with this little arme, and this good ſword,
I haue made my way through more impediments,
Then twenty times you ſtop: but O vaine boaſt,
Who can controule his Fate? tis not ſo now,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22304) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.3